F 72
.H3 J7

# MOUNT HOLYOKE and VICINITY

GAZETTE PRINTING CO. PUBLISHERS

· · · ILLUSTRATED · · ·

# THE MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
# LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

## SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

INCORPORATED 1851.

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets, January 1st, 1887, | $8,554,065.32 |
| Total Liabilities, " " " | 7,897,300.96 |
| Surplus by Massachusetts Standard, | $656,764.36 |
| Surplus by New York Standard (about) | 1,192,000.00 |
| Number of Policies issued in 1886, **2,628**, insuring | 8,064,390.00 |
| Number of Policies in force Dec. 31, 1886, **16,537**, insuring | 41,246,538.00 |

THE MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Springfield, is one of the oldest in the United States. It was incorporated in the year 1851 by the State of Massachusetts, which was the first in the Union to inaugurate an "Insurance Department," thus instituting State supervision over its companies.

It was also the first in the State to legislate concerning the forfeiture of policies of life insurance; its famous non-forfeiture law was passed in 1861 and amended in 1880. By the recent act of 1887, life insurance legislation has reached a degree of perfection heretofore unknown.

This Law requires that all policies issued by THE MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY shall be non-forfeitable after the payment of two annual premiums, without any further stipulation or act. This makes the amount of paid-up insurance to which the policy holder may be entitled, under any circumstances, **absolutely guaranteed.** He may forget his policy, but his policy will never forget him. Also, that after the payment of two annual premiums, the insured may, on any subsequent anniversary of the date of issue of said policy, surrender the same, and claim and recover from the company its "**Surrender Value in Cash.**" Said Cash Value is fixed by the law itself and **cannot be changed.**

M. V. B. EDGERLY, PRESIDENT. JOHN A. HALL, SECRETARY.

HENRY S. LEE, VICE-PRESIDENT. OSCAR B. IRELAND, ACTUARY.

**JAMES L. JOHNSON, General Agent, Springfield, Mass.**

NORTHAMPTON MILLS

# BELDING BROS. & CO.,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

Unequaled Spool Silks, Sewings

Etching, Embroidery and Knitting Silks

Trims and Organzines

# FINE SILK HOSIERY

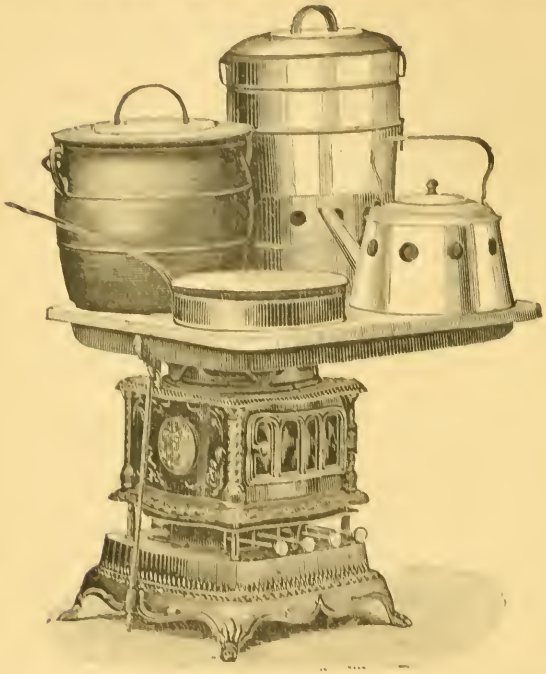
## And Silk Fabrics.

— MILLS AT —

ROCKVILLE, CONN — NORTHAMPTON, MASS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL — MONTREAL, CANADA.

# THE FLORENCE OIL STOVES,



which have been in the market for 11 years, are unequaled for Roasting, Boiling, Frying, Steaming, Laundry work of all kinds.

As Helen Campbell says of the **FLORENCE** Stoves, "They rob the kitchen of half its terrors."

Circulars and Quotations of prices cheerfully furnished upon application to

**FLORENCE MACHINE CO., FLORENCE, MASS.**

CHAIN BELT

Emery Wheel Tool Grinder.

Price $8.00

HOUSEHOLD

KNIFE-SHARPENER.

Price $5.00

Send for Illustrated Circular

# CRYSTAL EMERY WHEEL CO.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

# MOUNT HOLYOKE.

*The Finest Cultivated View in New England.*

"THE PROSPECT HOUSE

is situated on the most commanding spot on the range, and is fitted up expressly for the view, with good telescopes and every appliance to get it in the best form." The Beautiful view, Pure Air, and Clear Spring Water, make it a desirable place to spend an hour, a day, or a week.

**MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.**

**BOARD BY THE DAY OR WEEK.**

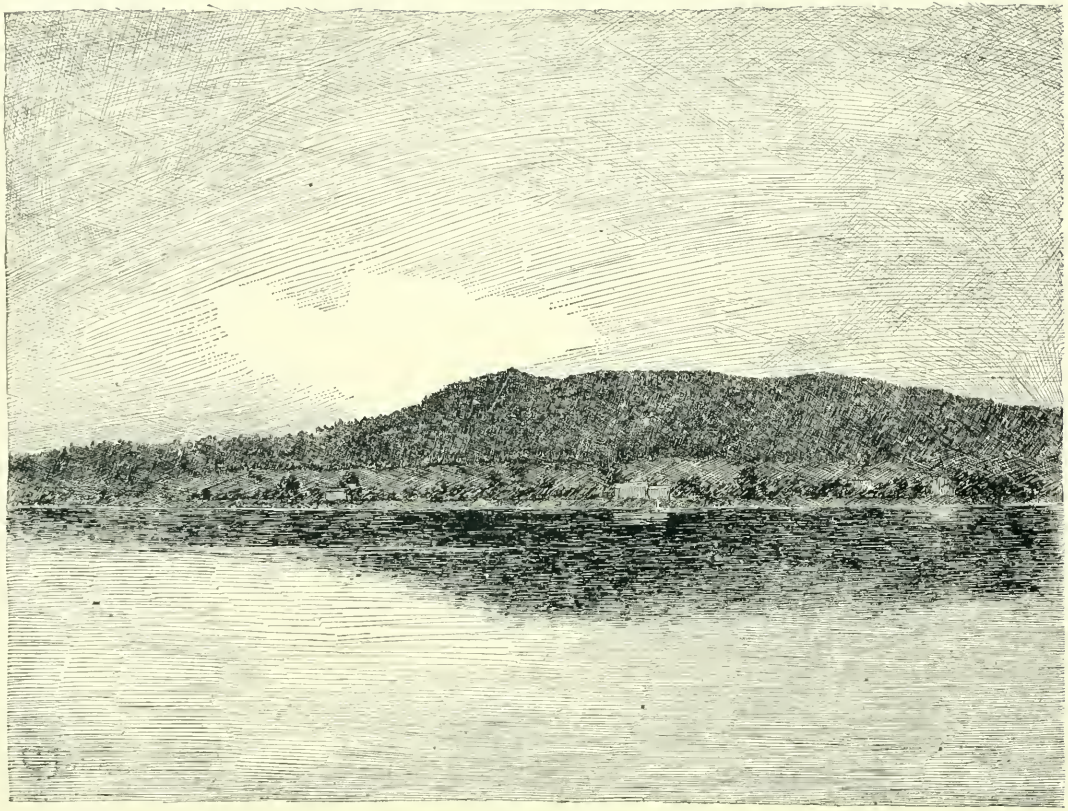
Parties stopping over can be carried to and from the trains by the mountain wagons at low rates. Telegraph and telephone connections via Holyoke.

Address,

J. W. FRENCH, Mount Holyoke,
South Hadley, Mass.

P. O. Address,

J. W. FRENCH, Box 1046, Northampton, Mass.



MOUNT HOLYOKE AT SUNRISE FROM THE RIVER.

# MOUNT HOLYOKE

## AND VICINITY.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

ILLUSTRATED

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
AUG 26 1887
CITY OF WASHINGTON

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY
1887.

Copyright, 1887,
by
Gazette Printing Company.

# Mount Holyoke and Vicinity.

THE busy world of to-day knows better than ever before, that the freshening effect of an occasional day's outing is a great help in its work. Yes! and the man who is compelled by circumstances to stick to his desk for twelve months, without his annual vacation, considers himself a martyr. All the year round the vacation travelers are moving hither and thither, north and south, and east and west, getting up on the highlands or descending to the valleys, sometimes depending on steam, sometimes on the horse, and very often on human muscles to accomplish their various objects. In Winter our Northern people go to the Ice Carnival in Montreal, or to California and Florida in search of a milder climate. In Spring they go to Europe, or make some long tour through their sister States. Summer drives the Southern people from their tropical homes to our cooler climates, and crowds all the breezy country hill-tops with the influx from the cities and fills with thronging life the seaside resorts, which in the colder months are all but deserted. Many seek the woods, some to follow Fashion, some in search of a quiet camping nook, while others, after enlivening and adventurous sport, go loaded with an abundance of guns and rods. Pleasure yachts weigh their anchors, set their sails, and start on long voyages, and the boys in imitation make shorter trips with their sail-boats, while trim

canoes, plied with flashing paddles, are gliding down every navigable stream. The cool, invigorating days of Autumn find people at work. Nevertheless, they do not neglect frequent long drives, or brisk canters, within the circuit of twenty miles of home. The mountains of the land have always attracted a large share of these searchers after rest, and health, and recreation, and beauty ; and "the gem of Massachusetts mountains," Mt. Holyoke, is one of the most favored of them. Few mountains are longer remembered or more loved than this, by those who have made its acquaintance.

Those who are careful observers of human nature, know that one of the deepest forces in mankind is the tendency to climb. The desire to see what is around and beyond us is as old as man, and just so old, therefore, must be the climbing of hills for the view. One can hardly imagine a person living within accessible distance of an elevation, who does not desire and plan to climb it. Undoubtedly the wandering tribes of our forefathers always, when opportunity offered, examined new lands, and were aided in a suitable selection by a survey from a hilltop. Perhaps Mt. Holyoke served some such purpose to the first settlers of Northampton and Hadley. Certain it is that people visited it soon after the first settlement of these places, and ever since then the resort has been a favorite one, not only of the neighboring towns, but of people of refinement the world over.

Mentally, the tendency to climb is even more marked than it is physically. The younger half of the world is building continually its air-castles, as is also the older half, only experience teaches them to build more modestly. Each person intends to be rich, or great, or in some way powerful. No matter what the discouragements they meet, no matter how gloomy or despondent they become, all hope and plan to be a

- First House Built 1821 -

little better off before the end comes. The good man hopes to be better, the miser to be richer, the wise man to have more wisdom. All want to mount these mental hilltops.

The most important use of our natural rock and earth mountain heights is an intellectual rather than practical one. For food and clothing we must depend on the lowlands, the mountains are not life sustaining; yet their effect on mind and body is of great value—the cool bracing air, the quiet after being in the rush and hurly-burly of business, or for months in the monotonous drag of housework, the release and entire freedom from the confining walls of an office, or house in town, cools the heated brain and invigorates the body, and all must absorb some of the beauty spread around and below them, and be the better for it.

The outline of the Mt. Holyoke range, due to its volcanic origin, is peculiarly ragged and picturesque. Ages ago some convulsion projected this mass through a huge rent in the earth's surface, and when cool it was of such a flinty hardness that it will be impossible to change it into such rounded hills as are found to the westward. The mountain, clothed to its top with trees, except where in places we get glimpses of perpendicular shoulders of gray rock, lifts itself abruptly from the midst of a fertile and highly cultivated valley to the height of about 1,000 feet. No foot hills cluster about its base to hide the view, nor is the slope so long and gradual as to diminish the interest of the landscape by rendering it too distant. The frozen peaks of the Alps have more grandeur; the stony desolateness of other mountains of fame is more impressive by reason of the gigantic rudeness of their structure; however grand and far reaching the view, the near surroundings are almost always in a way depressing. Sometimes it is the deathlike stillness of the snow fields, again

the wild barren of rocks and boulders, and again the deep loneliness of the forest, that crowns the heights. All connection with human life is sundered, or only dimly made apparent by some rude hut, or rough pathway. Human beings are interested in others of their kind. So close are the ties that it probably would not take long to drive the ordinary individual crazy

MT. SONOTUCK AT SUNSET FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE CONNECTICUT

if compelled to live away from all fellow creatures, entirely cut off from the sound of a human voice. On Holyoke we are by no means severed from the life of the world; the human interest of the valley, as seen from the summit, gives this view as compared with others, a peculiar charm. Looking from the highest point on the backbone ridge of the mountain, where grow scattered, storm beaten pines and hemlocks, so near are the open fields that we can see the cattle feeding in the pas-

tures beyond the woods, the lines of fence, the farm houses half hidden by the trees, dusty ribbons of road, and the teams on them moving apparently at a snail's pace. The river winding down from the dim north, almost enclosing the old town of Hadley in one of its long loops, seems quite broad as it sleepily flows past the western base of the mountain; but turning sharply around the lower end of the ridge, it narrows and winds on till, dwindled to a silvery thread, it fades into the southern haze. Directly opposite, beyond the stream, are the Northampton meadows, a wide spreading level, where grass fields and ripening crops of corn and grain, in squares and oblongs, form a variegated patchwork of wonderful beauty. Here and there an elm lifts its spreading branches, and several big, isolated barns are to be seen among the fields. The city itself is almost concealed by its thick foliaged trees, and the most prominent objects are two or three big mills, the church spires, the Smith College tower, and the red roof of the court house cupola. On farther, the hills undulate away till they fade into the dim ridges of the Green mountains; and over these the faint double peak of Greylock can just be discerned. To the north are the two Sugar-loafs and Toby's irregular ridge, and this side of it Mt. Warner's woods and pastures. The eastern slope of the mountain descends less steeply than the precipitous western side. It gradually falls away to the level of the plain below, and then the land, diversified now by cleared fields, now by woods, and by hills and hollows, goes on and on till every thing is indistinguishable in the distance. The pyramid shaped mass of Monadnock looms up, a gray shadow, just across the New Hampshire line; and the mound-like form of Wachusett, to the east, is but little plainer.

Each of the several towns on the eastern plain are easily

located by the white church steeple and little cluster of houses which is characteristic of them. Southerly, on a broad hill half covered with woods and orchards, is South Hadley, with the massive Seminary buildings, just distinguishable amid the trees; while still beyond are Holyoke's tall brick chimneys overhung with smoke.

The Old Sleigh

The Mt. Holyoke range drops away to the south to the river, and then from the opposite shore rises steeply and at once, and sweeps along a wavy line of ridges and valleys, till lost in the hazy southern distance. The range starts with West Rock, near New Haven, and proceeds in a northerly direction, broken only by occasional valleys, till it reaches middle Mass., and touches the banks of the Connecticut river. For the most part the elevation is small till Mt. Tom is reached. The ridge crosses the stream in a northeast direction, and curving still more to the east, finds an end in Belchertown ten miles distant. The greenstone, or trap rock, of which the mountain is composed, has a columnar formation which is plainly to be seen in places along the sides.

The two mountains, Tom and Holyoke, probably received

their names five or six years after Springfield was settled, when a company of the planters came northward to explore the country. Elizur Holyoke led one division on the east side of the river, and Rowland Thomas that on the other bank. The parties came opposite each other at the narrow place in the river where the stream passes between the mountains, and the heads of the company held a conversation across the stream which resulted in each giving his name to the mountain range nearest him. Dr. Holland, in his "Bay-Path," describes the naming quite romantically, though as set forth in his story it was very different from the actual facts.

In 1821, the people of Northampton and vicinity determined to put a house on the summit, and the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was chosen for the work. This happened to fall on Sunday, and they accordingly did the job on June 18th, the day following. Boards, nails, and tools they brought with them, but the corner posts and larger timbers were hewed from trees cut that day on the mountain. Refreshments were served, speeches were made, and at evening the building rude and small, but serviceable as a shelter from sun and showers, was finished. The leaders of the party spent the night in the building, and in the morning went down to the village below and agreed to lease the place to one of the natives, Willis Pease by name, if he would settle their unpaid bills for nails, etc., amounting to $27. Later, the party called at the Hockanum tavern, and were treated all round to some kind of fluid which had the peculiar effect of making them forget their former bargain, and when they left, the mountain business was in Landlord Lyman's hands. Of course this piece of management stirred the ire of the first man. Now the land at this point was public property, wild and unclaimed, though certain parties had a right to take it

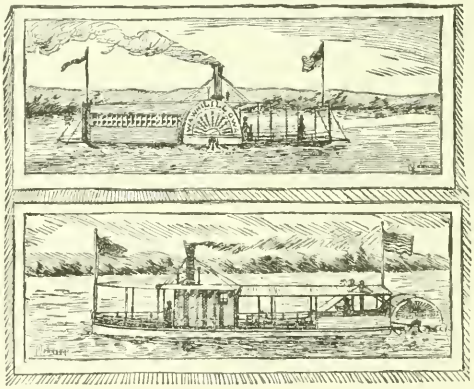
up at any time. Pease succeeded in buying the land, and built a rival shanty north of the first one, and for some years both houses were open to visitors. To show what was served to the people of that generation, on the mountain, we quote from an old advertisement which appeared in the *Hampshire Gazette* of 1823:

OLD HERRICK'S HUT

"Willis Pease respectfully informs his friends and the public that . . . He will be furnished with CHOICE JAMAICA SPIRITS, ST. CROIX RUM, COGNIAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN, CHERRY RUM, BRANDY, SPANISH SEGARS, with other refreshments generally desired."

For these fluids nine pence a glass (just double the price in

the valley), was charged. Water too was a saleable article and shortly before the war it was sold for a star three cent piece a glass. Till the first house was built, most of the mountain visitors came on horseback by a wood road, which started near the grist mill in Hadley and ended in "Taylor's Notch," a short distance from the summit. Then Willis Pease opened a path from the upper end of Hockanum, and soon the rival house made one from the ferry road across the fields and pastures, and through the woods, and then straight up the steepest last ridge, partly here in the form of steps. A gate closed the entrance to this road, where it departed from the highway near the ferry, and here the boys of the village picked up a great deal of loose change by opening and closing it for teams and riders. Both men sold out in the course of time, and presently the property passed into the hands of Dr. Stebbins of Northampton, and the Pease building was torn down. Each year the Doctor leased the hut on the mountain top, and placed there for the use of visitors a small, old, ship's glass, which, in its day, was considered a wonderful instrument. It is still in existence and in use at the engine house on the mountain. Inside the shanty were bare, unplastered walls, one or two battered benches, and a rough bar with wall paper pasted on its top.



THE STEAMERS.

A new path was scratched out in 1845 by a crowd of Am-

herst students, south of the other paths, making the ascent less steep though the distance was greater, and for some time this was the main thoroughfare.

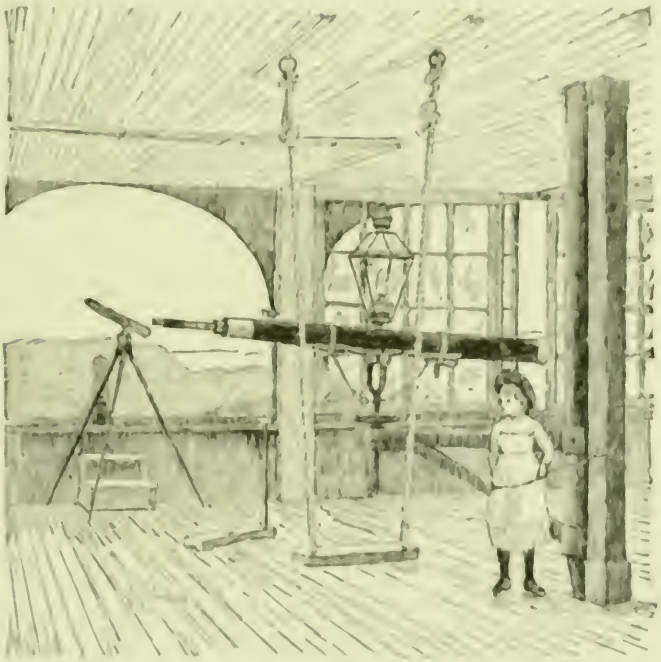
In the Spring of 1849, Mr. J. W. French, who had long been an enthusiastic admirer of Mt. Holyoke, and who felt it was sure to become, sooner or later, a favorite resort, visited it with a friend, intending to lease the premises if his friend agreed. The latter had never been to the mountain, and was rather incredulous with regard to its wonderful view as described by Mr. French. That there might be no mistake about the impression it would make, Mr. French blindfolded his companion when half way up through the woods, and led him the rest of the distance. Once there, the friend was enchanted with the beauty spread before him, and they soon had leased the place of Dr. Stebbins and bought out, for the sum of $10, the stock in trade of the man then occupying the premises. They repaired the house and improved the road, and many more people were attracted to the mountain.

In 1850, a single horse carried up on its back all the necessaries, by the path, to the summit. Water was conveyed in five gallon, India rubber sacks in canvas panniers fastened across the horse's body.

Mr. French finished a wagon road the following year and built a new house—a neat, square, two-story building, just north of the old first house, and improved the grounds about it. To get the timbers for this building to the summit was no easy matter, and at times two pair of oxen and a pair of horses were used on a single load. What with driving, steering all this procession safely around the corners, and blocking the wheels to rest the animals, it was a great undertaking. In 1854, a single track railroad was built up the last steep ridge of the mountain, having a rise of 365 feet and a length

of 600 feet. Between the lines of rails was a staircase. The whole structure was laid very near the ground, and followed its irregularities, which made the ascent gentle in some places and very steep in others. The car in use was known as the "Old Sleigh," from the fact that the bodies of two sleighs were fitted together to form its main part. This was propped up in a horizontal position, at an angle to the car truck which ran parallel with the rails. A single rope was attached to the upper end and a horse beneath the house on top furnished the motive power. Probably there was at that time nothing of the kind in the world, and people from far and near came to gaze on the wonderful contrivance. Everybody who rode considered it a very serious matter, and the outcome extremely doubtful; but for a person with steady nerves, the experience was a delightful one. Slowly trundled along the rails the whole valley was spread before the eyes—there was the level sweep of meadow land with its scattered foliage, hidden towns, cut in twain by the winding river, and melting into the hills which roll away to the horizon; while near by, close to the car on either side were the quiet woods. The sensation was singularly impressive. The climax came when the car rolled up the steep ledge not far from the summit. In a moment the height seemed almost dizzy, and the view was immensely broadened, and if not too much frightened at the thought of what would happen if the rope broke, this moment was a wonderfully exhilirating one. The car and its occupants came up through an opening in the base of the mountain house, and stopped just when the body of the "Old Sleigh" was even with the floor. The trips at this time were very slow, and to begin with the car was only intended for invalids and luggage. In fact, it was constructed in the first place for the express purpose of bringing up water from

the spring at its lower end, which hitherto had to be brought by hand or on horseback. People walking up at the same time the car was in motion, were provided with little plat-

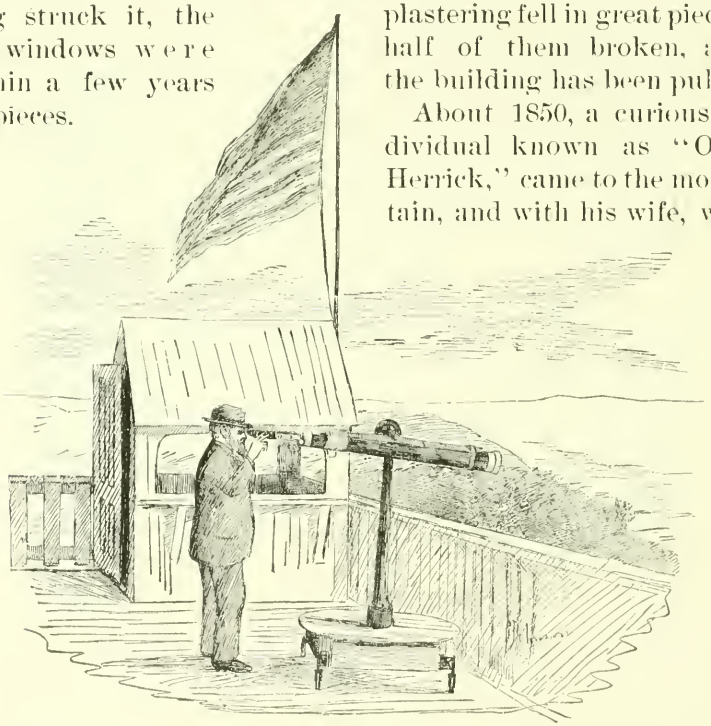


IN THE LOOKOUT ROOM

forms at the side of the track to rest on, while the car passed. Two years after, a small steam engine took the place of the horse on the summit, and 1860 saw a double track laid and the whole structure straightened; and in 1867 it was covered as it is now. In 1861, the present house was erected, and four years later the road which winds through the woods straight up the mountain from the highway was laid out. A

rival house was built in 1869, a short distance below the Prospect House, but never was finished. For a dozen years its railroad track lay rotting in the woods, and the house itself became brown, and weatherworn, and shabby. Lightning struck it, the plastering fell in great pieces, the windows were half of them broken, and within a few years the building has been pulled to pieces.

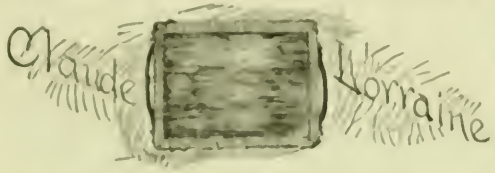
About 1850, a curious individual known as "Old Herrick," came to the mountain, and with his wife, who



ON THE PIAZZA.

was an even more peculiar character than he, put up a little shanty in the woods. They were a strange couple and many are the stories told of their doings. Mrs. Herrick sold crystals, gathered by her husband, to visitors. Mr. Herrick was an old man over three score, and for a long time his wife, who

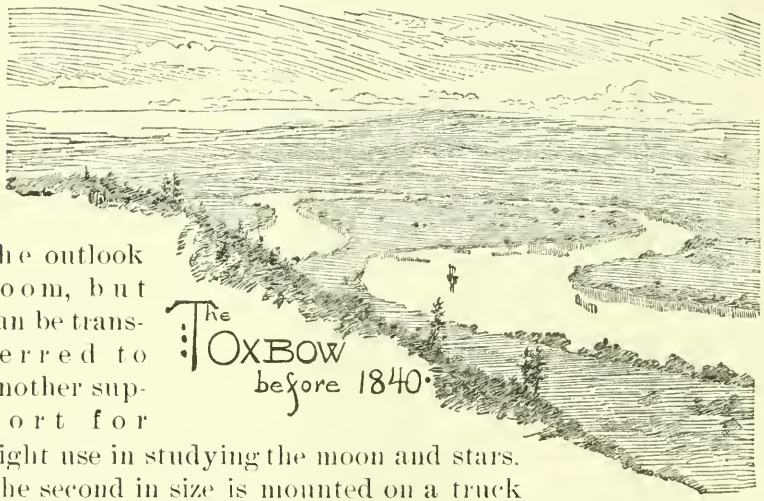
was much younger, refused to let him live with her, and therefore he built for himself, off in the woods, a little tent shaped hut of split logs, sodded up outside, and closed at the front with stone in which was a fireplace, and here lived, doing odd jobs for the farmers of the village, and chopping in the woods.




Just after the war, Mr. French had a steamer built to ply back and forth on the river and connect with the railroad at the Mount Tom station. This steamer was a square ended side-wheeler of moderate size, and was called the "Wawhillowa," a name formerly borne by an Indian chief of the vicinity, and till 1876, during the summer season, the boat made its seven trips a day. Two years later the "Mt. Holyoke," a trim stern-wheeler with a pointed bow, took its place, but became useless in 1882 on account of a new log law then passed, which virtually gave the control of the river into the hands of the lumber companies.

As Prest. Hitchcock says in his "State Geology," "The Prospect House is undoubtedly on the most commanding spot of the range, though several distinct summits that have as yet received no uniform name afford delightful prospects." Ever since Mr. French has had control of the place, improvements have been constant, and never have the accommodations been better, or ways of access easier than now. The house is neat, comfortable, and commodious. A number of powerful telescopes aid the eye in examining distant objects, and one can set his watch by the clock on the Springfield Arsenal, and on clear days see the gilded dome of the Capitol at Hartford, and even catch a glimpse of the new monument on East Rock near New Haven. It may be interesting to note

that the barrel of the largest telescope was made from one of the mahogany pillars of the old Edwards church pulpit. This telescope is mounted on a swinging beam in the centre of the outlook room, but can be transferred to another support for night use in studying the moon and stars. The second in size is mounted on a truck which can be wheeled to any part of the wide piazza, which encircles the building. A snug little cot has been erected at each corner of the piazza, where three or four persons can just manage to seat themselves to chat, and enjoy the cool freshness of the air, while watching the cloud shadows and the ever following sunlight creep over the level below, and seeming to weave out of their intangible light and shade that beautiful hollowing plain called the Connecticut valley. A dark, heavy, convex glass, known as the "Claude Lorraine," (it being invented by that painter) set in a solid frame of wood with leather handles at the ends, is much used by visitors to mirror the landscape, and the rich effects obtained delight every



one. Two small islands break the current of the river to the north, and rest like emeralds in the silver setting of the stream.

The mountain has always been a favorite resort of artists, and distinguished persons in every walk of life have made pilgrimages to this spot. Nearly all the governors of Mass., beginning with the great war governor, John A. Andrew, have been here, and such men as E. C. Stedman, J. G. Holland,

THE OXBOW IN 1887

and Dr. Holmes, and the noted singer Jenny Lind, have put their names on the register. George W. Carleton, a prominent New York publisher, who has recently gone out of business, has left some very clever drawings in the books, and on them his famous "Bird of Paradise" mark which he was in

the habit of putting in the corner of all his sketches. In Dr. Holland's poem "Kathrina," still a much read work, whose heroine lived in the village below, and whose hero was a native of Northampton, are many lines showing his love for the valley and his delight in its beauty. Part First starts with—

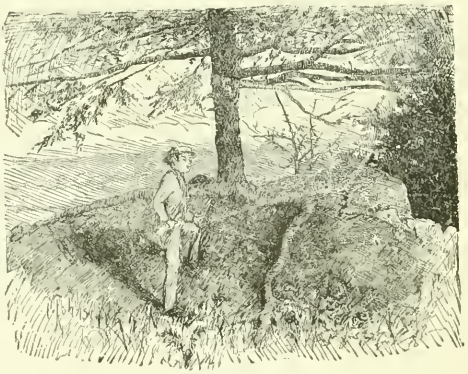
BIRDS OF PARADISE.

"Thou lovely vale of sweetest stream that flows,
Winding and willow fringed Connecticut!"

Again looking from the mountain top he says:—

"At my feet,
The ferry boat, diminished to a toy,
With automatic diligence conveyed
Its puppet passengers between the shores
That hemmed its enterprise; and one low barge
With white, square sail, bore northward languidly
The slow and scanty commerce of the stream."

This was more than half a century ago, before the shrill whistle of the steam engine and the rumble of the iron rails, had broken the quiet of the valley, when still the clumsy flat bottomed barges brought all outside supplies up the river, and when the stream still flowed around the great curve known as the "Ox-Bow," going three and one-half miles to gain thirty rods. In the Fall of 1839, one of the village farmers ploughed a strip of land which ran across the neck, and on the 24th of the following February a jam of ice in the bow set the water back so that it



AN INTERESTING TREE.

ran across the ploughed field. In a few hours it had cut a new channel. This caused great rejoicing in the towns above, and in Northampton the bells were rung, for they were three miles nearer tide water. Shortly after, the railroad was put

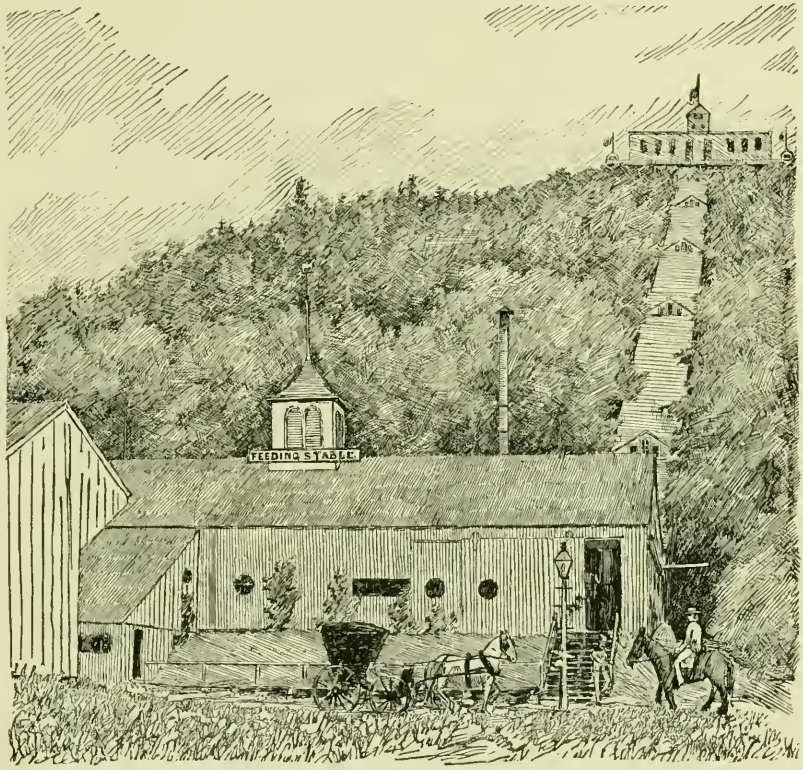
THE PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

through, and the old "fall boats" disappeared. Now a large saw mill has been built on the island, and the old bed is utilized for stowing many million feet of spruce logs, floated down during the Spring and Summer months from the head waters of the river. A short walk to the north of the Prospect

House is the "grove," a broad shelf of rock, scattered with trees, breaking off into a steep precipice, and affording a charming picnic place. An interesting tree stands near by. It is a good sized hemlock growing on a bare rock, which, to obtain nourishment has to send out its roots ten or fifteen feet over the unyielding surface before it reaches earth. Here on the mountain top, few sounds reach the ears save the occasional hoarse caw of a crow or the bright chitter of a squirrel. Sometimes we catch a glimpse of the chickadee's brown coat and hear its cheerful chirp, but few birds show themselves

during the day. However when the first faint streaks of dawn paint the east, the woods seem full of them, and the whole air vibrates with their songs. It is a mystery where

they manage to hide themselves later. As the year progresses the crickets and grasshoppers are more or less numerous and in the Fall the evening air is filled with the disputing voices

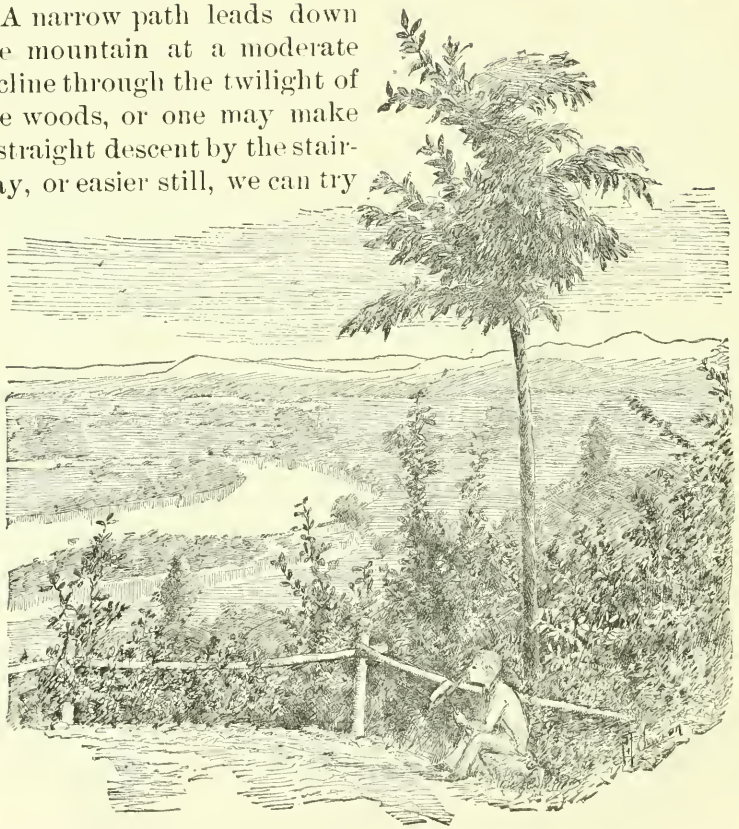



HALF-WAY STATION, RAILWAY, AND MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

of the katydids. At times a hawk is seen wheeling through the air on outspread pinions, and not infrequently an eagle goes sailing past high above the valley, while near at hand

perchance a butterfly is wandering on careless wings of gay or dusky hue.

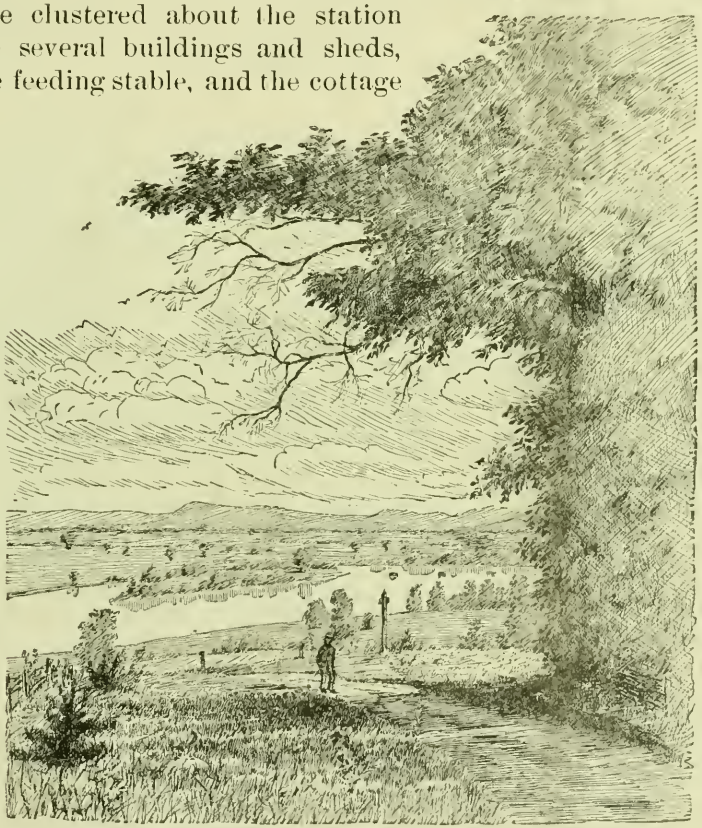
A narrow path leads down the mountain at a moderate incline through the twilight of the woods, or one may make a straight descent by the stairway, or easier still, we can try



I.—VIEW FROM THE ROAD.

one of those curious, little, red, two seated cars on the railway. When seated in the car, signals are exchanged between the mountain house and the engineer below; the bell above our heads rings sharply twice, and slowly at first, then faster and

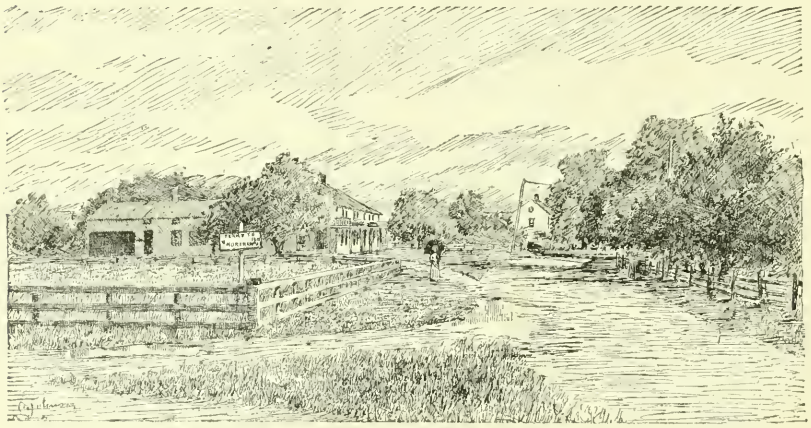
faster we slip down the incline. Half way down, the mate to our car glides past going up. In two minutes we have made the passage through the long wooden tunnel, and are at the station below. Here is a powerful looking engine, and outside clustered about the station are several buildings and sheds, the feeding stable, and the cottage



II.—VIEW FROM THE ROAD.

where Mr. French spends his winters, and about them quite a plot of grass land enclosed on every side by the forest. At

this point some people make a detour into the woods to the south to see an enormous, isolated boulder, which must have rolled down from above long ago, and is now known as the



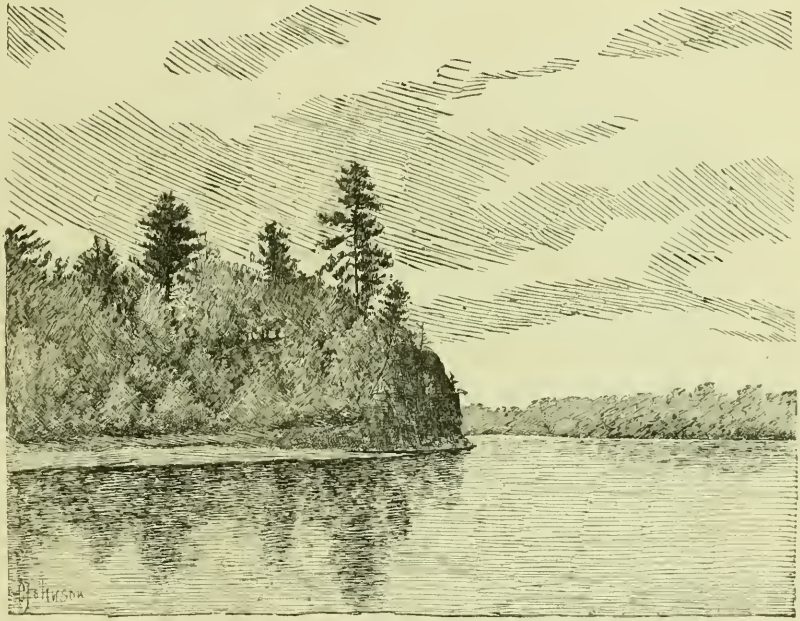
A GLIMPSE OF THE VILLAGE.

"Devil's Football." Several fine glimpses of river and valley are obtained on the road down, though for the most part the view is narrow, hidden by a thick growth of chestnuts.

> ——"At Holyoke's verdant base
> Like a slim hound stretched at his master's feet,
> Lay the long, lazy hamlet Hockanum."

So spoke Dr. Holland, looking from the opposite side of the river, in "Kathrina," and the village is the same now. Here are half a score of farm houses behind their great maple trees, surrounded by orchards, and sunny fields of corn, and grass, and waving grain. The hotel has a look of old fashioned roominess which is very attractive. Half a mile below the ferry, by passing up through the pastures and climbing an

obscure path—if one is lucky enough to find it—over a multitude of splintered stones, Titan's Piazza is reached. Just above our heads is a great overhanging precipice, with numerous cone shaped projections from its lower surface, and we lean against the solid wall of the mountain made of massive,

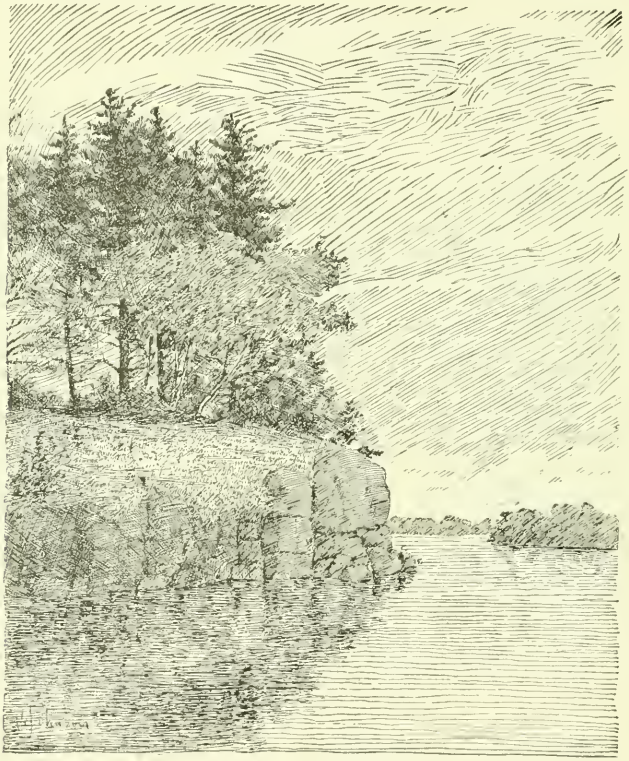


TITAN'S PIER.

many sided rock pillars. This formation—both the pillars and the cones—is found all along the ridge here. Below is the steep ascent, a mass of loose stones, with quite a growth of trees among them, birch and butternut, and at the foot of the slope, chestnut, pine and hemlock.

Another noted place is Titan's pier, at the extreme end of

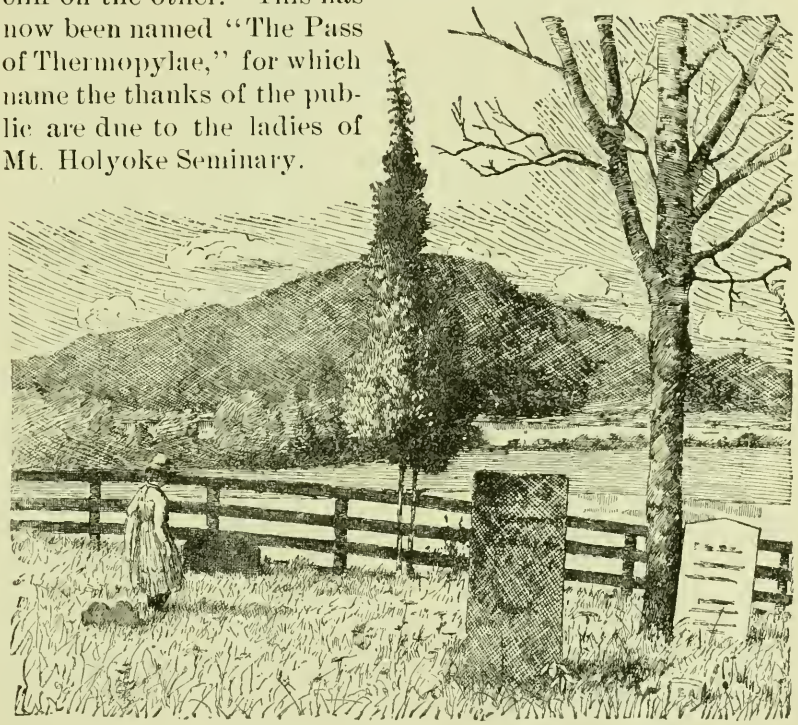
the mountain, where the river ripples and eddies at the foot of high perpendicular cliffs, and sets back in a beautiful rounding little cove, forming as picturesque a spot as there is in all



ROCKS AT TITAN'S PIER.

New England. The village burying ground is close by on a steep hillside, overlooking the river and all the gentle sweep of valley to the north and west, while nearer are the strong mountain masses of Tom and Holyoke. Here among

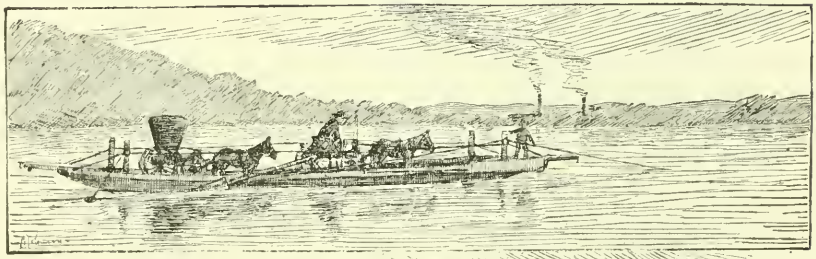
this little cluster of gray, old stones, and newer marble slabs, is as peaceful a place for the long, last rest as is to be found the world over. Where the road passes over the ridge to the east, a narrow passage has been blasted through the mountain wall, leaving a high rock ledge on one side, and a good sized cliff on the other. This has now been named "The Pass of Thermopylae," for which name the thanks of the public are due to the ladies of Mt. Holyoke Seminary.



IN THE VILLAGE BURYING GROUND.

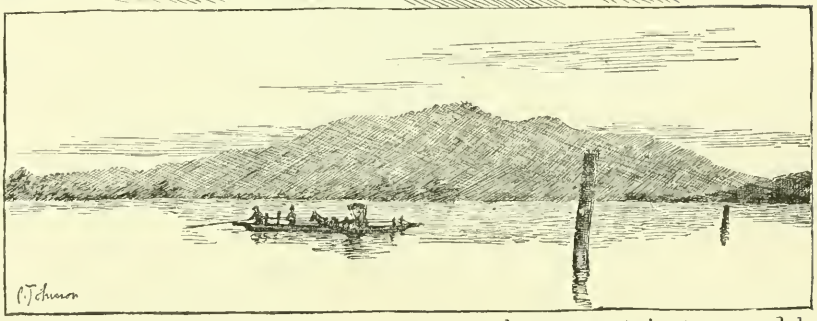
The shortest way out of the village is by the ferry, a long flat bottomed craft, with wheels attached to posts on the up-stream side, over which runs the wire strung across the river

and lying along its bottom, except when raised by the boat as it passes. By aid of the current and two pairs of strong arms pulling on the wire, the trip is made



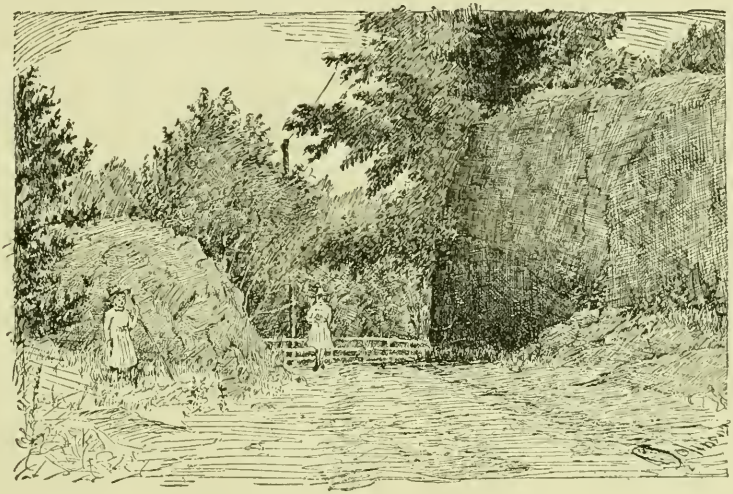
SKETCHES OF THE FERRY BOAT.

a short one. The view of Mt Holyoke is interesting from here, as is also that of Mt. Tom. Looking from the west, the white walls of the Prospect House make by day a bright spot on the mountain top, and by night its position is marked by the lights in its windows, which seem like a bright cluster of stars hovering just above the dark ridge.



In the Northampton meadows are a number of fine elms, but none which rival

the famous old elm which fell a few years ago, thirty-one feet in circumference, of which Dr. Holmes speaks in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" or, the still standing "Edwards



THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE.

Elm" on King street, which, though scarred and aged, is still a magnificent tree. Round Hill, the most elevated part of the town, has long been famous for its view and it is from here that Stedman, in his fine poem, "Holyoke Valley," describes

——"Those purple heights,
That guard the pathway to the sea."

Again he says:—

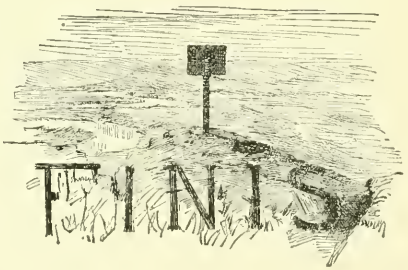
"I see for miles beyond the town
That sunlit stream divide the plain.

There still the giant warders stand
And watch the current's downward flow,
And northward still, with threatening hand,
The river bends his ancient bow.

I see the hazy lowlands meet
The sky, and count each shining spire."

All about him is unaltering peace and beauty ; he feels change in himself alone—on body and spirit the hand of time had rested heavily : life in the venerable town seems flowing on just as he had known it when a youth years before ; and nature smiles with the same old sweetness.

One after another the years slip silently away into the dimness of the past, each leaving its impress on the earth and its inhabitants. Amid the turmoil of life men come and men go ; for a moment they stir the little world about them and then are lost from sight. The resistless current sweeps all on alike, and all disappear. They are soon forgotten ; the stones in the graveyard become moss-grown and the graven names wear away. The world's face is turned ever forward. Still the flinty rocks of Holyoke seem to withstand the assaults of Summer's rain and Winter's frost, and seem ever destined to look down with unchanging face on our valley with its purple encircling hills.




WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. JOHNSON

——SEND TO——

# S. E. BRIDGMAN & CO.,

# BOOK-SELLERS,

NORTHAMPTON, . . . MASS.,

— FOR COPIES OF —

HOLLAND'S "KATHRINA,"

HOLMES' "AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE,"

STEDMAN'S POEMS,

Or any other books you may want. We keep constantly on hand a choice assortment of New and Standard Works,—History, Biography, Travel, Fiction and Poetry. Send for Circulars, or call at

**S. E. BRIDGMAN & CO.'S COLLEGE BOOKSTORE,**

76 MAIN STREET.

N. B.—Special attention given to Choice Stationery for ladies.

---

# LOVELL'S STUDIO.

The Largest and most Complete Photographic Establishment in the county. Strictly first-class Work at Reasonable Prices.

105 MAIN STREET,

NORTHAMPTON, - - MASS.

VISIT

# Barr's Elegant New Restaurant,

## AND ICE CREAM PARLOR.

ALSO, CONNECTED WITH IT ONE WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS

**Domestic Bakery, and Home-made and French Confectionery Department.**

E. C. BARR & CO.,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

BARR & BARRY,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

# HOCKANUM HOTEL!

## *HENRY O. EDWARDS, Manager.*

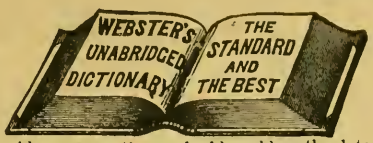
Fish and Game, in all their varieties, in their season.
Ample accommodations for Parties, to which
special attention will be given.

This ancient hostelry, modest and unpretending in its exterior, is one of the oldest landmarks in the Connecticut river valley. More than sixty years ago it was managed by the well-known Zadoc Lyman, familiarly called "Uncle Zadoc." He was both landlord and ferryman, and his fame as a genial and courteous entertainer was wide spread. The house is located near the base of famed Mount Holyoke, and is visited by nearly all who ascend this noted elevation.

The present manager has been a caterer for the public for more than thirty years, and needs no recommendation among the thousands who have tested his superiority in this line of public providers.

# WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED

**In various Styles of Binding.**




Besides many other valuable tables, the latest issue of this work contains

**A Dictionary**

118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,

**A Gazetteer of the World**

of 25,000 Titles, (recently added) and

**A Biographical Dictionary**

of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,

**All in One Book.**

## A Library in ITSELF.

The **Latest Edition** has

**3000 more Words,**

in its vocabulary, than are found in any other American Dictionary, and nearly **three** times the number of **Engravings.**

In quantity of matter, it would make **75** 12mo volumes usually sold for $1.25 each.

It is an ever-present and reliable school-master to the whole family.—*S. S. Herald.*

Webster is **Standard Authority** in the **Gov't Printing Office**, and with the **U. S. Supreme Court**, and is recommended by **State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States.**
Published by **G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.**, Springfield, Mass.

---

## A. G. CARLEY,

*Fine Stationery, Blank Books, Gold Pens, Games, &c.*

## NEWS-ROOM.

Headquarters for Lawn Tennis, Base Ball and Cro K.

115 Main St., NORTHAMPTON.

---

## HENRY CHILDS,

## Book Binder, Paper Ruler, and Blank Book Manufacturer.

*Magazines or Old Books Bound in Plain or Elegant Style.*

74 Main Street, - - - - NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

OVER S. E. BRIDGMAN & CO.'S.

AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.
13 & 15
VANDEWATER ST. NEW YORK.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS OF CUTS FOR THE ILLUSTRATION
OF
BOOKS, CATALOGUES, PERIODICALS &c.
EQUAL TO WOOD ENGRAVING AND AT MUCH LESS COST.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SCHOOL AND COLLECE WORK.

---

Established 1867.

CHAS. VAN VLACK,

ELECTROTYPER,

SPRINGFIELD, . . . . . MASS.

Book, Cut and Job Work executed in the best manner. Particular attention paid to Fine Book Illustrations, etc. Wood Engravings and Type Composition. Estimates given on application.

*A Fine Wood Engraving,*

# "VIEW ON MOUNT HOLYOKE,"

Showing the Northern Valley and the Great Bend in the River as seen from the summit. Size about 5 x 7, suitable for framing.

**ARTIST PROOFS, $1.00.** **JAPAN PROOFS, $2.00.**

Sent by mail on receipt of price, post-paid, by

S. E. BRIDGMAN & CO., BOOK-SELLERS,

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

---

*For ILLUSTRATIONS or DESIGNS OF ANY KIND,*

Address

C. C. JOHNSON,

NORTHAMPTON,

MASS.

---

## W. P. CLEAVES,

## WOOD ENGRAVER.

Engraving of all classes done promptly, and in the best manner.

GAZETTE PRINTING CO.,

Fine Letter Press Printers,

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

COPIES OF

# "Mt. Holyoke and Vicinity"

—— CAN BE OBTAINED OF ——

## BOOK-SELLERS.

OR SEND 25 CENTS TO

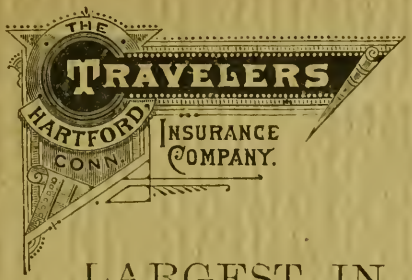
## Gazette Printing Company,

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,

AND RECEIVE A COPY BY MAIL POST-PAID.

Have you tried "WHITING'S STANDARD" Writing Paper and Envelopes, made by Whiting Paper Co., Holyoke. Mass? You will find them the best for correspondence and all the uses of polite society. Cream and azure, rough and smooth finish, all sizes. Ask your stationer for "Whiting's Standard."

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."




IS THE

ORIGINAL

ACCIDENT COMPANY,

OF AMERICA,

AND THE

# LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Rates as low as consistent with safety.

## ALSO, BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.

**Accident Policies,** only $5 per year to Professional and Business men, for each $1,000 with $5 Weekly Indemnity.

*Not forfeited by change of occupation, but paid pro rata.*

**Accident Tickets,** 25 cents per day; $4.50 for 30 days; for sale at all Local Agencies and leading Railroad Stations.

—— ALSO THE ——

**Best Life Policy** in the market. Indefeasible! Non-Forfeitable! World-Wide!

Paid Policy-Holders, . . . . . $13,000,000

Pays all **CLAIMS WITHOUT DISCOUNT**, and immediately, upon receipt of satisfactory proofs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets, . . . . . | $9,111,000 |
| Surplus, . . . . . | $2,129,000 |

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT. RODNEY DENNIS, SECRETARY.

JOHN E. MORRIS, ASST. SECRETARY.

H 99 78

FEB 78
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 076 791 8